Expiration Date

Woke up to scars and artificial scarcity and sparse clarity.
I keep the peace and I keep it in private. Growing violet bruise on a rotting carcass. Stop the circus and watch the show go on.
Watch the surface become a hole, leverage the earth and leverage a soul.
I stole this one, let's do this again sometime.
Underneath a sheet of ice era, sheet of paper on top of mundanity. Mundane insanity, parody of a parody of a parody.
Charity erasing the sins of the powerful, heresy in our hour glass, powder keg with a fuse on the floor, a knock on the door.
Excitement and spoiled enlightenment. Frightened by the unraveling circumstance. Sit down and stand on the fence, no more stance to be had, new plan hatched, catch a cold, catch some cash. Catch the ash before it hits the ground.
Stash away everything profound,
put it all back where you found it.
My feet hit the ground and make the sound of rain on a tin roof. The roof of my mouth got burnt by the words I shouldn't have uttered. Paint the shutters, clean the gutters.
It's that time of year again, tears on skin, let's skate on thin ice. Say it twice, you're not allowed, you're not allowed an invite.
Proclaim your question out loud in front of the glass, rope made of glass, subtract social class. Feet and hands made of heated clay, crumble up the page. You were paid, no-one made you do it.
Another soap box, another detox. In talks with the devil and in talks with the the angels. Influx of strange ill fitting angles and shapes and tangled nerve endings.
The descent into madness, quintessence of sadness. The lattice wall keeps the roses standing up straight.
Fate is a straight jacket, the wait is a busy work packet. Stagnant water for your cereal, serious offers only. Sunny side up, dusty shoulders and cups sit stained in the sink.
Think again.

When, not if, my wound monolith.
Carve a home in the ceiling with your darting eyes. Outside the skies don't discriminate. Dying of exposure, dying with no closure. A foreclosed house at the end of the street that is being remodeled and sold at a higher price. Enticed by my own little sacrifice.

No leverage left and you're stepping in nails. Nails on
a chalkboard, watch where you walk for your own sake. Nailed to the
stake it was my own mistake. Misshapen self perception. Immaculate conception, don't listen to my questions.

Misconceptions and folded dreams, inception. At an intersection that
isn't there anymore, waiting to be transported.
Jansport backpack on hunched shoulders, step on a crack and you might've fracked, noxious fumes and a tire iron.
Obnoxious and hardly admired, I'm expired.